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AN

# UNCLOSETED SKELETON

AN

# Uncloseted Skeleton

By

LUCRETIA PEABODY HALE

and

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER

BOSTON

TICKNOR AND COMPANY

211 Tremont Street

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# PREFATORY NOTE.

QUITE in keeping with the remarkable character of the ſubjoined papers is the way in which the underſigned became aſſociated in editing them for publication.

A bunch of old letters found in a cheſt of drawers bought by one of the Editors at the cloſing-out ſale of an old houſe in Boylſton Place, ſome looſe papers, including a fragment of a diary and other letters diſcovered behind a joiſt in the chimney cloſet at the recent diſmantling of the Tavern Club, — only a ſtone's throw from Boylſton Place, — and given by a member of the Club to the other Editor, form

form the material from which ſelections are given below.

At a chance meeting of the Editors ſoon after, theſe poſſeſſions having been caſually mentioned, it was diſcovered, to the ſurpriſe and gratification of both, that the manuſcripts were parts of a former whole, — diſjected members, in fact, of an old-time family ſkeleton.

The frequent gaps which will be noted in the text are due in part to omiſſions made by the Editors for prudential reaſons, and partly to the dilapidated ſtate of the manuſcripts, which have ſuffered greatly from the ravages of mildew and rats.

Lucretia Peabody Hale.
Edwin Lasseter Bynner.

AN

# UNCLOSETED SKELETON.

AN

# UNCLOSETED SKELETON.

Boston, Feb'y 6, 1832.

My dear Brother, — For aught I know, you may be in Crim Tartary or Cathay. I mention thoſe places as ſynonyms of vagueneſs and diſtance, without the leaſt notion where they are. The Footſtool was never thought of as an object for ſtudy in Phillips Place when I went to ſchool there. But wherever you may be, my letters always ſeem to reach you, though, ſtrange to ſay, I get very few of yours in return. Are you aware that 't is nearly four years ſince you went abroad?

abroad? Do you forget that you are an American citizen? Are you ever coming back? I warn you, if you do not come foon, you will feel like the Dutchman in Mr. Irving's ftory, who waked up after a fleep of twenty years to find everybody changed beyond recognition.

The trouble is, you are getting out of conceit with your own country. I read what you faid in Aunt Maria's letter about our provincialifm, — that we are fure to be either prim, priggifh, or vulgar. I fay, Pooh! For myfelf, I infift that I am open to none of thofe charges. Come, now, I challenge you to the proof!

No; the beam is in your own eye. You are getting fpoiled. You are falling into horrid, loofe, unwholefome foreign ways. You're forgetting your horn-book too; you fpell agreeable with one *e*. Confefs, now, Joe, that you eat your breakfaft at noon, take brandy in

in your coffee, and are cultivating a liking for frogs' legs. I dare not even think of how you ſpend the Sabbath. Such proceedings may be all very — what you call "*chic.*" I will not aſk what that means. I don't want to know. 'T is an odious and immoral-looking word, and I am profoundly thankful that I have none of the quality repreſented by ſuch a ſiniſter combination of letters.

Meantime, you preſume on the fact that you are an only brother, and count on my weakneſs to forgive your unnatural neglect, — your ſcraps of letters and interminable ſilences. You think to keep me quiet by an occaſional gewgaw, and doing a bit of ſhopping now and then, — the latter always with much proteſt and grumbling.

Aunt Maria thinks you 're an expert in ſhopping. That lace ſcarf converted her ; it certainly was a miracle of elegance. I ſhould never have ſuſpected you of ſuch taſte.

Poor

Poor Aunt Maria! ſhe has had a great trial. I pity her with all my . . . He's quite grown up now, and a dear boy. No, 't is not becauſe I 'm a doting ſpinſter ; he is really a handſome, manly fellow, with an unuſual air — people turn to look after him on the ſtreet ; with fine inſtincts too, and quiet, cordial manners. For all of that, and ſtrictly between ourſelves, *he is not bright*, — indeed, Joe, to plump out the bald, unpleaſant truth, he is downright ſtupid ; but not a whit more, after all, than his father was. Aunt Maria would die if ſhe ſuſpected me of ſuch a thought, for ſhe inſiſts — it exaſperates me to hear her — that Ralph is like *our* family, and "*all Clyde.*"

Be that as it may — where was I? Oh! about this preſent thunderbolt. You know what pains and expenſe have been laviſhed upon Ralph's education! Well, on his examination at Cambridge laſt fall he was heavily conditioned.

conditioned. Aunt Maria was ſhocked to her heart's core. Not a murmur eſcaped her, however; ſhe ſtraightway got a tutor, and prodded Ralph night and day to make up the conditions. Three months of this, and now comes the tutor and tells her that Ralph can never make up the conditions, that it is n't in him; and the conſequence is he will be "dropped."

You know Aunt Maria; ſhe will never rally from ſuch a diſgrace. She has been inordinately ambitious for Ralph; he was to be a great orator, ſtateſman, and I know not what. For me, I confeſs I don't care a ſnap for him to be a ſtateſman; I love him better for his ſtupidity: but his poor mother is broken-hearted, and has nearly cried her eyes out about it.

So much for family matters; and now for a more agreeable piece of news. Yeſterday, coming out of No. 2 Otis Place, I met your dear friend Tho . . . He has lately . . .; but the public has not yet got wind of it.

"Nothing

"Nothing in this ſtupid town to intereſt a man," do you ſay? On the contrary, there is a diſtracting variety of things. For the political, there is always the Preſident and his kitchen-cabinet, with juſt now the great "Cherokee Case," which I heard Mr. Sturgis and William Sullivan hotly debating the other day on Pearl Street as I was coming down the ſteps of the Athenæum. For the ſteady-going, there are the Franklin Lectures and the Society for the Diffuſion of Uſeful Knowledge. For the gay, there is to be a brilliant party this very week at Dr. War . . . and a very ſtartling bit of goſſip which . . . although nobody believes he will ever come back. For the play-goers, there is Mr. Selby's benefit at the Tremont Theatre, where will be preſented "The Mooriſh Bride," with Mrs. Barrett afterwards in "Cherry Bounce." For the aſpiring, — like Aunt Maria, — there 's the profound in art and philoſophy. She is deep in Beethoven.

ven. You remember her ear for mufic, and what frightful difcords fhe always made in her bafs? No matter for that! She has a German now who comes daily to play Beethoven to her. He plays for hours and hours, interminable fonatas and fuch things,—he has nearly pounded her piano to pieces; while fhe fits by, dumb, abftracted, with up-rolled eyes. Do not fuppofe that is all! When was fhe ever content with one ftring to her bow? She is going at the fame time to Profeffor Follen's lectures on Goethe and Schiller; fhe is fairly rabid over German; and with it all quotes the moft incomprehenfible ftuff from Carlyle, who, I am firmly convinced, muft be a madman.

Amongft all thefe "ifms" in the air, I hold faft to my fmall ftore of common-fenfe, and make the moft of my quiet opportunities. The other evening I heard Wafhington Allfton read fome paffages from his unpublifhed poem, called

called "The Romance of Monaldi." I had a few words with him afterwards, and he told me his purpoſe of painting a large picture on the ſubject of Belſhazzar's feaſt.

This reminds me: all Boſton is in ſack-cloth and aſhes this very minute on account of another artiſt, and one of its moſt eminent citizens. *Domingo Williams is no more!* Who will ever again brandiſh a tray of whipped creams ſo reckleſſly and artiſtically over our heads, ſtriking terror to our ſouls at his approach, and bearing away our admiration and gratitude as he retired!

What do you think is Aunt Maria's lateſt ſcheme with regard to Ralph? But I will ſave that for my next; you have far more now than you deſerve. Confeſs it, and ſhow your gratitude in the way moſt pleaſing to your devoted and affectionate ſiſter,

PATTY.

BOSTON,

BOSTON, . . . 1832.

. . . Yes, my dear Joe, the . . . have come duly to hand, and the German books along with them. I waited, before writing, until I could report progreſs. Well, I have begun; I ſtrangle myſelf daily with the *ichs* and *ochs*, and purſe up my lips for the modified *u* till I feel like an *umlaut* myſelf. Calvert, too, has turned up with the volumes of Schiller, after having lain, I know not how long, ſubmerged in the Elbe. Think how this has ſanctified them in the eyes of Aunt M. and her old German profeſſor! That dear Herr K., he is a miracle of amiability and uglineſs; and when I ſuddenly whip out ſome of my newly acquired phraſes, as "*Wie geht's heute*," etc., he opens wide his Teutonic mouth, ſhowing his one lone ſolitary bicuſpid, and looks like nothing in life but a gargoyle. Aunt M. ſays my accent is very bad, — *our* accent, I ſhould ſay,

fay, for Rachel Cleverly ftudies with me, and fhe is a regular polyglot. What matters the accent, after all? we underftand each other. 'T is the *Ueberfetzung* that tells; and you fhould juft hear us "overfet."

From all of this our dear Ralph is fhut out; he defpifes the whole thing. "Drudgery" he calls it; infifts that girls like drudgery, and when they have no houfework to do, ferret around till they find fomething worfe. *He* certainly has no touch of any fuch weakneſs; has been ftudying Latin two whole years, and could not this minute conjugate the auxiliary verbs to fave himfelf from inftant annihilation. He ought to have gone to Mifs Peabody, as we did. She pounded the whole verbal fyftem into us, till even George B. Emerfon, who, you know, teaches every girl in Boſton at fome time in her life, declares that the Peabody girls know their Latin grammar as well as their "Bean porridge hot."

Ralph

Ralph rolls up his noſe in a fine, four-grape diſdain at all this. Let him do it, — the facts remain the ſame; one ſignificant fact being that he has juſt been "ruſticated" with Mrs. Ripley at Waltham. They ſay ſhe has great ſucceſs with ſuch youths, and we live in prayerful hope that ſhe may develop ſyntax in Ralph's head.

. . . Now about Aunt Maria's ſcheme that I wrote you of. She is determined that Ralph ſhall marry Georgiana Carey. You remember her as a little girl, — with curls all hanging down her back? Well, they hang now from the top of her head, toſſing, tumbling, daſhing, and foaming like a mountain-brook. What is more, ſhe is a great heireſs. Her uncle Vickers has died in China, where, you know, he made no end of money, and has left it all to her. Now, I never ſhould accuſe dear Aunt Maria of worldly-mindedneſs. But you can't wonder that ſhe ſhould look out a

little for Ralph, the rather that he never will look out for himſelf. He is a great favorite; all the girls like him. Even if he is conditioned at college, he dances juſt as well; is always punctual at Papanti's, though he cuts his Greek. The incomparable "Papanti," you know, has taken the place of old M. Guigon, — much to Aunt M.'s diſguſt; for *ſhe* conſidered Guigon the glaſs of faſhion and the mould, etc.; "But who," quoth ſhe, "is this new man?" Well, we never bother our heads who he is; we all like him, and even I make my way to his afternoon claſſes in Somerſet Place; we have ſuch a pleaſant ſet there. About Ralph — you ſee Aunt Maria expected to ſpend her whole earthly eſtate, if need be, on his college education; then he would follow in your footſteps, be ſent to Germany, to come back after a few years an acknowledged "profeſſor." But he is ſo ſtupid about ſtudy . . . If, then, he would only fall to admiring Georgiana,

Georgiana, all would be well, for it is ſufficiently plain that ſhe admires him; and with money, no matter about the profeſſorſhip and the verbs. . . .

Aunt M. . . . ſhe has always ſo many irons in the fire . . .; the lateſt is the Poliſh refugees! She is fairly boiling over with ardor . . . One of them — her particular pet — I do believe ſhe will end by inviting to ſtay here! She thinks it is too expenſive for him at Mrs. Le Kain's. Ludovic Radzinſki is his delightful name. She came very near putting him up into your old room. But happily, at this juncture, came a freſh claimant upon her ſympathies; and it really is awkward for her to decide between the two. Rachel Cleverly, you ſee, that dear, delightful girl, is here waiting to find ſomething to do; for perhaps you have not heard Mr. Cleverly loſt all his money in a great fire that burnt up his ſtore-rooms, and . . . but luckily ſhe has always

always been ſuch a ſcholar — one of the firſt in Mr. Emerſon's ſchool — that ſhe is now all ready to teach, if ſhe can only find a claſs . . .

BOSTON, May 1, 1832.

. . . I ſent off my laſt letter in a great hurry, ſuddenly finding that if I meant it to hit the next veſſel from New York, . . . ſo ſet about this a little earlier, eſpecially as I have ſomething to tell. Aunt M. has not only hunted up a claſs for Rachel, but ſhe has invited her to ſpend the winter here! Her benevolence had no ſooner impelled her to this, than what do you think roſe up to diſcourage her? Your prophetic ſoul may have already graſped it. She feared that Ralph, her dear Ralph, would fall in love with Rachel and poverty, inſtead of wealth and Georgiana. "It would be the inevitable conſequence!" ſhe ſaid to me gloomily as we diſcuſſed the queſtion whether to give Rachel the "upper ſtudy,"

ſtudy," or whether to fit it up for the Pole. For here was indeed a temptation that perhaps aſſiſted her uncertainty about aſking Rachel. I am afraid that a little inſinuation of mine decided the point. "Suppoſe *I* ſhould fall in love with Ludovic?" ſaid I naughtily. It came upon her like a bomb,—you know her literalneſs; ſhe took me alphabetically, and I really believe ſhe now fears the "inevitable conſequence" for me more than for Ralph and Rachel. The Pole is ſo intereſting an exile,—no home, no money, able to talk any language invented at Babel; indeed, may have lived at that time, being one of thoſe ever-old, ever-young human riddles, with his black locks ſtreaked with gray, his myſterious eyes, etc. Why ſhould n't I fall in love with him? Leſt you too take alarm, I will confide in you that I am proof againſt faſcinations of that kind, though I feel for his woes. But . . . and the riſk of it all decided Aunt M.; ſo Rachel is

is here, and Ralph is faſt learning to like her, ſpite of all her erudi . . . and ſhe certainly returns the compliment. Who could help it, indeed, even if . . . Why, if I were not . . . years older than he, I . . . with his handſome face and his impulſive ways. Such a nice little ſchool as Aunt M. has got together for Rachel,—girls from juſt the "beſt" families. She goes to their houſes in turn, and is away all the morning, ſtudying hard in the intervals. . . .

Don't you ever ſay again that we have no excitement in Boſton. Such a domeſtic upheaval and ſocial ferment; everything and everybody . . . and I don't quite know where to begin. . . . But I muſt confeſs that my own head is juſt a little turned by this laſt of Aunt M.'s infatuations; for we ſurely have now in Boſton a gueſt worthy her enthuſiaſm. I began by being very ſceptical, and made game a bit of the whole thing; and even yet hold myſelf in check againſt arriving too ſoon

at

at the goal of belief in telling human character by bumps.

But I have been to two of his lectures, and miſſed the third only becauſe it came upon the night of Aunt M.'s reception for her pet Pole . . . and pray don't ſuſpect me of laughing at them! — the Poles. No, indeed; I pity them from the bottom of . . . and made two pincuſhions for the fair . . . where Georgiana had a table which the gilded youth beſieged, and we had ſome verſes printed about them, — the refugees, I mean.

But to come back to the lectures. I have n't told yet who gave them: well, then, 't was no other nor leſs a perſon than the great German phrenologiſt, Dr. Spurzheim. He is here actually in the fleſh, — and plenty of it too, — ſtaying at Mrs. Le Kain's . . . And ſuch a ſubject for Aunt M.'s ecſtatics; ſhe is in the front rank of his devotees . . . and actually had him here to tea only laſt Thurſday . . .

Not

Not a little difmayed, for we had neither fauerkraut, faufage, Limburger, nor any other of their horrid dainties, I went down to tea cafed in a mail-coat of prejudice; but in a trice he difarmed and converted me by a well-aimed fhaft of flattery. "What ē-day-ahl-ity! What ē-mē-tah-tif power!" he exclaimed, gazing admiringly at the top of my head. "Are you an artift, Mees Clyde?" I bluſhed like a . . . and ftraightway fell into rank as one of his ftancheft followers. How, indeed, to help it, for he is Brobdingnagian in his appearance and amiability. It turns out, too, that he is profoundly intereſted in our Pole,—not in his exile, but in his brain-difeafe; and as they are both in the fame houfe . . . and every opportunity to ftudy his patient . . . Talking of his head, faid the Pole had remarkable bumps of language, eventuality, memory, fpeaks half the known languages, learned and unlearned, whereupon I fuggeſted that his brain-difeafe might

might be nothing more than his verbs rattling around in his head.

Of courſe all the world go to the lectures, and ſome of his rabid admirers — Aunt M. among the reſt — are going down to his courſe in Salem to hear them all over again.

BOSTON, . . . 4, 1832.

DEAR JOE, — . . . and ſuch a delightful letter ought to give freſh wings — I ſhould ſay feathers — to my pen, that I might . . . and ſend down ſome joyous carol from the upper air; but alas! you muſt be contented for this once with an earth-born wail. For why? Becauſe, having ſupped full on horrors, I am now ſtretched upon the conſequential rack. Laſt night Ralph and the reſt perſuaded me to go and ſee Forreſt in the "Gladiator;" and bitterly I have paid the penalty, wreſtling the livelong night in the clutches of nightmare, wherein I ſeemed to be ſwimming or floating, 'neath

'neath lurid fkies, in feas of blood. Tragedies are in the air; next week there is to be prefented a new one by Caroline Lee Hentz, — "Werdenburgh, or the Foreft League." So we . . .

If you look at your "Advertifer" of this date carefully, you will fee that "a beautiful large, fat green turtle, frefh from the water, will be ferved this day at Tremont Reftorator, Tudor Building, Court Street, — foup fent to any part of the city." And now, my dear gourmand, don't you wifh you were here? For Aunt M. has ordered fome of the fame, not to entertain aldermen, but her laft new hero! Is n't fhe fortunate to have fet her dinner on that day . . .

Oh, my dear, dear brother! fuch . . . terrible news . . . How can I ever tell you? The flippant tone at the beginning of this will fhow how fudden, how crufhing a fhock it has been

been to us . . . and Aunt M., how can ſhe ſurvive it? . . . Her whole life has been devoted to him. I do believe ſhe has only loved him more for her very diſappointment in him; and what has ſhe left beſide? True, ſhe has always been fond of you and me; but what was that feeling to her love for Ralph? Let me, however, haſten to ſay he is ſtill living; there is hope in that, though we can have no more. And it is terrible to ſit here all day, not able to do anything but doubt and wonder what is to come! He is ſtill unconſcious, — a whole night of uncertainty. Aunt M. is there by his ſide, calm and ſelf-ſuſtained, always ſtrong in emergency; and I almoſt think it is eaſier for her there, where perhaps ſhe can do ſomething, than for us who can only ſit dreading and fearing the reſult. Ralph was thrown from his horſe yeſterday, and taken up ſenſeleſs! . . . ſcarcely know how to write it, and yeſterday morning . . . all

. . . all fo different, and I was writing that idle twaddle to you. The real tragedy has come now, outdoing all the talk of fcenic horrors. Our dinner had gone off fo pleafantly. Ralph here, unufually gay and joyous ; but he ran away from the dinner-table to join a friend, and I don't quite know if they had yet been out of town. Ralph had promifed to leave fome meffage at Mrs. Le Kain's, and there he was in Pearl Street, and had left a note at the door, or fome word for Dr. Spurzheim, when his horfe turned fuddenly, and from the houfe oppofite, where they were repairing, there came a beam, falling fuddenly with a crafh. The horfe ftarted, whirled, and Ralph was thrown to the ground. This is how I underftand it. They carried him directly into the houfe, where — our only caufe for thankfulnefs — Dr. Spurzheim was at the very moment engaged in a confultation. He gave directions as to how Ralph

fhould

fhould be carried, and they fent for other doctors and for Aunt M. . . . They fay that Dr. Spurzheim is a moft wonderful furgeon But oh ! what can be done ? For the fkull indeed is fractured, — this is our lateft intelligence. They would have kept Aunt M. away, but fhe will not leave. The only thing that fuftains her . . . and fhe has implicit confidence in Dr. Spurzheim, who plans fome operation in which he is to be affifted by a committee of Boflon doctors. This is the very lateft report I can fend you. I have kept my letter till the laft moment, and fhall carry it myfelf to Earl's, in Hanover Street, as John Lewis takes the mail-ftage from there to-day at one o'clock, and he had before promifed to take my letter for me to New York, which it will reach juft in time for the next veffel.

It is very trying to have this the very laft that I can fend you. But while there is life there

there is hope. Dear Ralph! in theſe waiting hours I have recalled all our diſcuſſion and criticiſm of him, — how we have bemoaned his lack of application and of intereſt in ſtudy; yet now how glad we ſhould be to have him back, juſt as he was, with his kind-heartedneſs and genial love of us all! But I muſt ſtop, and next time hope to ſend you a better report. Now that we have your new addreſs, we can ſend you news regularly. But this muſt go, if only to prepare you for what we have to tell.

BOSTON, June 15, 1832.

DEAR JOE, — Miſs Patty wants me to ſend you an account — "a doctor's account," ſhe ſaid — of the ſtartling operation lately performed on your couſin Ralph Wheaton. I am glad to do her ſo ſlight a favor, and glad too to renew . . . ſince the day when we parted at the door of the medical ſchool.

As to the operation, I was among the favored

favored few of our guild invited, and cannot do better, perhaps, than ſlip in here ſome extracts from my profeſſional notes taken on the ſpot.

'T was a great occaſion. Spurzheim is a genius; the like of him has never been ſeen on this ſide the water. None the leſs, between ourſelves, ſome of his theories are the rankeſt quackery. But with it all he is ſo tremendous and overpowering in a ſcientific way that our little gods here have not only gulped down their prejudice, — a pretty big pill too, — but actually received him with a mild kind of Puritanical hooray. He, however, bleſs you! makes nothing of them; they 're evidently a dwarf variety of pundit to him, and he walks over them and paws them about like a lion among puppy-dogs. You may imagine what nuts 't is to us younger fry to ſee the Rhadamanthuſes thus dethroned.

Like all geniuſes, Spurzheim is a bit of a madman.

madman. I like him rather the better for it. There is, too, an Olympian air about the creature; and though none of the profeſſion here can go the "bump" buſineſs, there's not a man among them dare ſtand up and tell him ſo to his face. But our mutton is cooling.

That operation — Joe, I give you my word, the whole performance would have done honor to any ſtage. 'T was thrilling as a tragedy, — which, by the by, it came d—d near becoming, — and yet had bits of comedy as fine as Molière. Fancy Spurzheim, with his elephantine bulk, coat and veſt off, ſleeves rolled up, veins ſtanding out in his probulgent forehead, ſweat running off his dewlap from nervous agitation, — fancy him, I ſay, cavorting back and forth from one patient to the other, haranguing in broken Engliſh W., J., F., D., and me, who ſtood before him in a paralyzed row, like a ſquad of freſhies at a clinic.

Not

Not . . . but every one knew in his heart 't was a daring act of empiricifm which fuccefs itfelf could not juftify. You know the facts, of courfe, from Mifs Patty, about the refugee Radzinfki, whom Spurzheim has been for fome time treating for cerebral tumor. The Pole is a remarkable character; he was . . . nothing known of his hiftory . . . habitually talked Latin with Spurzheim . . . in his delirium fputtered various unknown tongues.

You muft know there had been a confultation the day before. W. and J. were called in. They agreed with Spurzheim's diagnofis, proceeded to localize the tumor, and decided upon the operation; whereupon the reft of us were invited. Little fufpecting what was in ftore for us that fine fummer morning, we wended our way to Mrs. Le Kain's to fee the operation upon the Pole alone.

We found everything ready; Spurzheim fhowing W. his inftruments in the parlor, the

patient ftretched on a bed in the inner room, where we made by requeft the ufual examination. So much for preliminaries ; now pleafe take up my notes for the details !

" Examined patient : pulfe 80, hard and frequent ; pupils contracted ; fkin alternate paling and flufhing ; tongue dry ; extremities cold ; muttering delirium. Found no reafon to differ with theory of tumor. Dr. Spurzheim briefly gave reafons for localizing tumor beneath frontal bone ; called attention incidentally to extraordinary prominence of frontal lobe in patient, difguifed by a thick fhock of hair growing low over the brow.

" Dr. J., on requeft, fhaved fcalp. Difcuffion over fhape of incifion. Dr. Spurzheim himfelf conducted operation : the fcalp neatly cut and inflected ; pericranium carefully fcraped away, and a trephine of the largeft fize applied juft above frontal finus. Directly bone was removed, dura mater protruded through

through opening, — ſhowing evident enlargement of the brain, and confirming, as it ſeemed, the theory of tumor. Spurzheim pointed triumphantly with his lancet, and proceeded with the operation. Scarcely had he divided the dura mater when he ſtopped, ſtared, and fluſhed. We crowded about. There at laſt, through the ſevered membrane, the cerebral tiſſue itſelf burſt forth, but with its normal pinkiſh color, and *without the ſlighteſt trace of diſeaſe.*

"While we ſtood puzzling over the matter, Dr. W. called our attention to the great and ſenſible relief already evinced by patient as reſult of operation."

Now, Joe, lay aſide the notes, and let me interrupt you for a minute!

Remark that thus far everything had been according to programme, ſave the diſproving the tumor theory, — a diſcovery, as you know, rather intereſting than unuſual. At that preciſe

cife moment, however, chance ftepped in and flung a bomb-fhell into our midft which in a trice altered the whole fituation.

Our difcuffion was interrupted by a loud outcry from the ftreet. The windows were open, — we ran to look out. A frantic horfe was galloping round the corner, and a crowd of men were bringing the mangled body of a youth into our houfe.

The next minute Mrs. Le Kain herfelf came burfting into the room, calling loudly for Spurzheim to come at once; that young Mr. Wheaton was killed.

At firft annoyed at the interruption, on hearing a name fo familiar, — you know what civilities Mrs. Wheaton has heaped upon him, — Spurzheim hurried down-ftairs, we at his heels, and found, fure enough, it was your coufin. He was carried up-ftairs directly, and the crowd fhut out. Thereupon, as you may believe, the Pole was ftraightway forgotten,

and

and breathleſs attention centred upon poor Ralph.

At the very firſt glimpſe of his face downſtairs Spurzheim had whiſpered, "Fr-rachture!" Examination proved it to be indeed a very ſerious fracture of the left parietal bone. Word was inſtantly ſent to his mother, and preparation made for an operation.

Now go on with your notes again: —

"Examined young Wheaton: pulſe normal or a little ſlow; pupils dilated; ſkin moiſt; extremities warm; reſpiration ſtertorous. Scalp much ſwollen, and filled with maſſes of coagulated blood evident to the touch; pieces of bone could be plainly felt grating againſt each other; edematous ſtate of ſcalp for conſiderable diſtance about ſeat of injury; ſcalp purpliſh directly above wound, ſhowing extenſive comminution of cranium.

"At Spurzheim's requeſt I ſhaved ſcalp. Another diſcuſſion over inciſion. . . . 'H' ſhape

ſhape on account of comminution . . . allowing two large flaps for inflection. Dr. J. made . . . dura mater badly lacerated . . . of bone cruſhed down into brain. W. drew attention to fact that in extracting pieces of bone and . . . conſiderable portion of brain muſt be removed. All ſtartled by ſudden exclamation from Spurzheim."

Here let me interrupt again, Joe, to give you a little more graphic notion of the ſituation.

"*Gott!*" cried Spurzheim.

We all turned to ſee the cauſe of this explo-ſion. He was walking up and down, with blazing eyes, declaiming with incoherent fervor, and forgetting his ſmall ſtore of Engliſh in his excitement.

"*Sehen ſie, meine Herren!* See you? *Hein?* Vat a gr-rand moménт! *Eine Entdeckung* — de whole vor-rld vill hear of it. *Niemals,* never has ſcience ſoch a — a — vat you

you call *Zuſammentreffen geſehn?* Come — come vith me *geſchwind*, kvick! I ſhow you," pointing to the room where the Pole lay; "you ſhall ſee! De odder, de *beide*, ve put both togedder, *hein?* Take de von to mend de odder. Come, I ſay!"

We followed him in to Radzinſki's bedſide, where, pointing eagerly to the unfiniſhed operation, he went on: —

"*Sehen ſie noch nicht*, my deer friends? Here *iſt zu viel, dort nicht genug!* Dis ees — ſee! look for yourſelfs!" pointing to the protruding cerebrum. "*Geſund, ganz geſund! Warum* — vy den ſhall ve not take avay vat dis von ſpare, und gif to de odder, *hein?*"

His meaning was at laſt clear, and we ſtood dumfounded. But he, too buſy with the poſſible prenological reſults of the operation to heed us, ran on in an ecſtatic and incoherent monologue I ſhall deſpair of deſcribing. Only his action I remember, as he kept patting the Pole's

Pole's bulbous forehead, crying, "*Auſordentlich! Auſordentlich!*" and then darted away to point out the comparative flatneſs of Ralph's.

I need not tell you how the ſuggeſtion of ſuch an operation was received by the Boſton ſquad. You can imagine the polar chill and ſtillneſs of that room! But pff! — Spurzheim — man alive! the Grand Mogul could not have been more ſerenely unconſcious of them and their moods.

At this juncture arrived the heart-broken mother. Deſpite all oppoſition, ſhe would come in. It was a hard pull, but you know what ſtuff ſhe is of, — real Yankee grit. Egad, I was proud of her.

"He is alive?" ſhe aſked, her voice almoſt firm.

W. nodded. She went and kneeled down beſide her only ſon and child with never a ſob or wail or groan; but "while memory holds

holds her ſeat" ſhall I never forget the look in her eyes.

"Is there any hope?" ſhe aſked preſently of Spurzheim.

Spurzheim behaved magnificently: he pulled her ſtraight forth from that ſlough of deſpond with one forceful grip.

"Hope! My deer lady — ha! ha! vy, dere is noding but hope! *Fürchten Sie nicht!* Go — go avay now. *Bleiben zu Hauſe!* Put faith in me; I vill cure him. *Aber*, go — go kvick, deer lady, an' leave us to vork!"

His big perſon, his emphatic tone, his air of omnipotence, availed more than a thouſand words. The reaſſured and comforted woman walked quietly away without another proteſt.

Directly the door cloſed upon her we came back to our ſubject. Spurzheim formally demanded our opinion.

"Extremely hazardous," ſaid J., ſhaking his head.

"Unheard

"Unheard of!" ſaid W.

"'Azardous!" repeated Spurzheim, nearly choking himſelf with the word. "Vas it not 'azardous *zum Beiſpiel* ven de gret Colombus came de ſea over to find out dis countree? Unheerd of! Vas it not *auch* unheerd of ven Fr-rahnklin de t'under-bolt brought from de ſky down?"

But all his ſatire and eloquence were unavailing. W. and J. were at bay; they would as ſoon have countenanced an earthquake: yet 't was plain they were itching to ſee the thing done.

And they were gratified. Our hoſt had the courage of his convictions. He did n't trouble himſelf about their approval; he went on and did it. Yes, Joe, to make a long ſtory ſhort, he actually performed the operation, — boldly ſevered the ſuperfluous brain from the Pole (I won't trouble you with any more notes), adjuſted it nicely to Ralph's cranium, and dreſſed

dreſſed both wounds in the moſt workmanlike manner, which, I have ſince heard, moved the admiration even of W. You know how he likes a neat job.

All this was more than a week ago. So far, as I intimated above, everything has gone well. The Pole is up, and declares himſelf well. Ralph has been taken home to his mother, and the chances are all in his favor.

I need not ſay, with regard to the above, "*Mum's the word.*" I write for your profeſſional eye alone. For obvious reaſons, the nature of the operation has not been made public; nor has either Ralph or his mother the leaſt idea of what has been done. *Verbum ſap.* Let me hear from you.

Faithfully yours,

A. B. L.

Aug. 20, 1832.

Dear Joe, — You will have received before this the ſtatement that Dr. L. promiſed to ſend

fend you, and therefore know more of R.'s accident than we do. All the doctors have been ftrangely reticent with regard to the matter, and I think now they want to pafs it off as nothing unufual . . . "A cafe of trepanning," Dr. L. faid lightly, in anfwer to my queftions.

Meanwhile, we are all fo happy to fee Ralph really convalefcent that we are willing they fhould call it what they pleafe.

. . . Ralph himfelf . . . and had a ftrange, wild look when he firft recovered confciouf-nefs, and he does not yet remember anything of his fall, or of the other happenings of the day; they fay this often occurs in fuch cafes. I have feen him only once, and he feemed juft the fame dear boy as ever . . . an anxious look in his eyes, which, with his pale face and head all bound up, made him look . . . but he could fay a few words to me, only they would not let him talk much.

Aunt

Aunt M. ſays ſhe is not going to ſay a word to him about college. She is ſo glad to have him back, ſhe cares for nothing elſe; and ſhe is impreſſed that it will do him harm if he tries to uſe his brain.

Poor Georgiana! She has been in the depths of deſpair, and has ſpent the days of anxiety here, where ſhe could learn the lateſt intelligence; crying and ſobbing half the time, and aſking all ſorts of queſtions, that I muſt ſay irritated me in the midſt of all the uncertainty. "Would Ralph be . . . if he did recover? Could he recover without . . . Did I know what 'trepanning' was? Did I ever know anybody who had ſubmitted to the operation? And would they have to cut off all his hair?" Rachel was quiet through it all. She is ready to do anything that is needed, but ſpeaks little, and ſeems ſo ſad and preoccupied that I wonder if ſhe has not really as deep an intereſt in Ralph as the more lively

lively Georgiana. R. is talking about leaving here, becauſe ſhe thinks Aunt Maria would like to give Ralph the largeſt room when he is well enough to be brought here. She is planning to go to the W——'s, who are very hoſpitable, and who have a daughter at her ſchool. I will keep my letter open till Ralph is able to be moved, as we hope he can come here before many days . . .

R. was moved yeſterday, and is now comfortable ; is ſtill kept lying quietly in his bed. I have ſeen him only once. I think he looked round inquiringly for Rachel. Aunt Maria thought he aſked for Georgiana, and told him the doctors had ſaid he muſt ſee only one perſon at a time, and Georgiana is to ſee him in a day or two.

Have I told you how it has ſeemed to me like a Hermione and Helena affair all along ? Georgiana has followed after Ralph, and

Ralph

Ralph has been purſuing Rachel; and now it appears as if Rachel were leaving him behind. But perhaps this is all in my imagination.

Laſt night Reporter Pickering was here to tea. He and Aunt M. had a furious diſcuſſion over Webſter's ſpeech on Clay's bill — don't aſk, Bill for what? When we roſe from the table, nothing would ſerve but he muſt ſee Ralph. Accordingly, they went upſtairs, and found R. amuſing himſelf making a *potpourri* of Aunt M.'s noſtrums; he had filled his gruel-bowl with a mixture of "Balm of Quito," "Anderſon's Elixir," "Antiſeptic Dentifrice," and "Whitwell's Opodeldoc." Aunt M. was vexed, but ſhe could not ſcold him; while Octavius P. brought the lightning upon his head by laughing till the tears filled his eyes.

. . . Another ſad piece of news. . . . Preſently you will dread to open my letters. Only

I muft haften to fay that this is not connected with *our* houfehold. Our dear Ralph is improving flowly, and fits up a little every day.

. . . but you will have feen it in the papers, the account of the death of Dr. Spurzheim. It has indeed been a fubject of forrow and excitement in the whole community. Dr. James Jackfon attended him, and other doctors were called in conſultation, — although at firft he conſidered himſelf but ſlightly indiſpoſed, and believed that nature would reſtore him. He was ill but ten days, and died laſt Saturday night.

The whole town is full of ſorrow . . . more than others, for our dear Ralph's ſake, and really believe . . . owe it all to this great man. Aunt Maria is very much moved, and filled with diſcouragement with regard to Ralph's recovery, now that ſhe can no longer have the advice of the wiſe friend and phyſician.

. . . I

. . . I muft fend off this letter. Ralph ftill improves. Our friend the Pole, Radzinfki, has difappeared. He left his boarding-houfe fome days ago. It was fuppofed he was with fome friends, but it appears they have feen nothing of him. A failing-veffel left for South Africa laft week, and there is fome reafon to believe that he went on board at the laft moment, and left with it.

BOSTON, Jan. 10, 1833.

. . . Happy news for you at laft, my dear Joe. Ralph is really quite well again, and — now hold your breath! — actually gone back to Cambridge to make up his conditions. Aunt M. took alarm at the very firft fuggeftion, and the change in the relative pofition of the parties is indeed both amazing and amufing, — Aunt M. arguing to Ralph that college advancement is of very little importance, and that he will be of as much ufe in the world without

learning and in fome lefs ambitious calling, and that . . . with plenty of money for a quiet, domeftic life, for which he is fo admirably fitted (of courfe with Georgia).

. . . fomething uncanny and myfterious, this change in Ralph ; fo fudden too. I was fitting in his room one day, where he lay propped up on a fofa, when he broke out: "Do you know, Patty, all that hard work I put in at the Latin School is bearing fruit at laft."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, all thofe worft fticking-places in the Latin grammar, where I ufed to get mired fo . . . clear and fimple as daylight now."

Thereupon he rattled off lifts of prepofitions, exceptions, irregular verbs, fyntactical rules, till I was fairly giddy ; in fine . . . and his brain, once fo fluggifh, became abnormally active. . . . Aunt M. inftantly took alarm, and had round the doctor, who, after an examination

amination, faid, "Let him go back to Cambridge." . . .

Mindful of your old taſte for puzzles, I ſend you this riddle, which I clipped from yeſterday's "Advertiſer and Patriot:" —

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth 't was an awful day;
And though in that old age of ſport
The ruffiers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'T is ſaid Sir Hilary uttered there
Two ſyllables by way of prayer:
The firſt to call the brave and proud,
Who ſee to-morrow's ſun;
The next with its cold, quiet ſhroud
To thoſe . . . . . .
. . . the . . . . be done.
. . . . . .
And both together to all . . . eyes
Who weep . . . nobly dies."

I ſhall expect the anſwer in your next. What do you think Aunt M. bought with the

the money you ſent to get me a birthday gift? . . . and *a bottle of bear's greaſe* . . . Such a tender and melting remembrance!

Of courſe everybody muſt have bear's greaſe; but as ſhe handed me out that firſt, without a word of her other preſent, I laughed outright, to her great bewilderment.

Ralph is at laſt fairly eſtabliſhed at Cambridge again. Aunt M. was wofully anxious at firſt . . . tried in vain to keep him back . . . and was in the loweſt pit of deſpair. As, however, he ſeems to thrive apace, ſhe is now ſupremely content. It ſeems almoſt too great a bleſſing that Ralph . . . and turn out a ſcholar. So far he has puſhed ahead like the giant with the ſeven-league boots . . . made up his conditions . . . now leads his claſs.

Aunt M. now lays all his former ſtupidity to his old tutor, G., and is correſpondingly impreſſed with the wonders of phrenology, — Dr.

Dr. Spurzheim having predicted ſomething of this ſort for Ralph . . .

Found at Allen and Ticknor's a delightful book, "Vivian Grey." Get it at once, if you have n't read it. . . . With this aſtoniſhing development in Ralph I am forever regretting I did not read Dr. L.'s letter to you . . . and *ſhould*, ſave that he mumbled out ſomething to the effect that I ſhould n't underſtand the doctor lingo.

Rachel has come back to us, as Ralph inſiſted upon it when he left for Cambridge. . . . Aunt plainly troubled . . . and declares Ralph is infatuated with Rachel; and indeed, he does ſeem more than ever in love with her. He comes home for Saturdays and Sundays, and is always conſulting her about his ſtudies. He has developed the greateſt fondneſs for languages, and has raked up ſomebody to teach him Hebrew, though he gets on ſo faſt he hardly needs a teacher, and I do believe

Rachel

Rachel is ſtudying it with him. Anyhow, all their intereſts are the ſame nowadays.

This is a ſad blow to Aunt Maria. She is taking ſuch delight in his advancement ſhe forgets all her talk about "quiet domeſtic life" for him, and has all ſorts of ambitious views for his future. Georgiana is . . . and devoted. During his illneſs ſhe uſed to bring him . . . and delicacies made by herſelf. Georgiana talks ſuggeſtively about the houſe ſhe ſhall have when ſhe is married. She has picked out one of thoſe on Summer Street, with the horſe-cheſtnuts in front, — not far from Otis Place. No wonder ſhe thinks it may prove a bribe. It ſurely is one for Aunt Maria, who fancies Ralph quietly ſettled . . . for the reſt of his life, no . . . but here is "the inevitable conſequence."

May 10, 1833.

. . . and afraid my winter's letters bored you, with nothing to tell but the ſame old thing

thing over and over,—Ralph improving, Aunt M.'s qualms, etc. Yefterday I met the B.'s. They told me how lately they had feen you, and it was like a frefh breeze ftraight from . . . to hear about you in that way. They report to me what you told them of my letters, which quite fets me up, and infpires me to ftart another at once, the rather that I have not told you of the excitement we have all been having over Fanny Kemble. She was here five weeks, and the whole town has been in commotion. She returns fome of the fweet things fhowered upon her: "Boſton is more like an Engliſh city," etc., than any fhe has yet feen! "Delightful to act to audiences fo 'pleafantly pleafed!'" Such a rufh as there was at the box-office every day, a regular riot for the . . . But oh, the acting! I faw her as Bianca in "Fazio," as Lady Teazle, and in the "Hunchback" twice. Never fhall I forget her "I hate you, Helen!" I long to have to fay it

it to fomebody, — juft in her tone. We went up one day to the H.'s, in Tremont Place, for — what do you think? To fee the divine Fanny, from their windows, ride off on horfe-back from the Tremont Houfe door! But prefently we grew bold, and preffed up to the door itfelf, and waited in the crowd to fee her come out and mount her horfe. She embraced his neck and kiffed him! Georgiana was with us. She had put her hand through the rail-ings, and had picked fome mignonette grow-ing infide the little garden-plot fhut off there; and when Mifs Kemble had mounted, fhe ven-tured to lift up her little bunch of flowers, which was received by the "divine" Fanny, Julia, Bianca, in one, with the fweeteft and moft cordial of fmiles. Georgiana did make a very pretty little picture by the fide of the curveting horfe, with her own brown curls blown about by the wind; and all the fchool-girls and the reft of us quite envied her. It

was

was exactly like her ; ſhe is very impulſive about giving things, — other people's as well as her own . . .

This letter has been lying by, and I take it up to ſend you a great bit of news. Ralph is to graduate with honors ! At the laſt exhibition he made the moſt brilliant appearance of all the graduating claſs ! He has advanced ſo faſt that it aſtoniſhes everybody, and will graduate this year, after all. Can you imagine Aunt M.'s delight at the reception in Ralph's room after the exhibition ? . . . Beſides the foreigners . . . there, with whom Ralph talked glibly in French and German . . . from Oxford, who addreſſed him in Latin, and Ralph fired back an anſwer without a moment's heſitation. . . . And no wonder, her higheſt ambition is realized. Ralph has turned out a genius, and yet remains ſtill the ſame dear good fellow through it all. But what will intereſt *you* more is that he has determined

determined to ſtudy medicine, and means to go at it directly after his graduation.

. . . . . .

Luckily I reſtrained myſelf as I was about to ſeal this letter laſt night, for I can now wind up with a *coup* (do you call it?) which will ſtir your blood, — *Ralph is engaged to Rachel!*

I am more happy about it than . . . for I have been hoping . . . but Aunt M. was ſo oppoſed . . .

Rachel has been angelic through it all; . . . evidently ſaw Aunt M.'s diſapproval, and tried to keep herſelf out of the way; and I really thought ſhe was going to ſucceed, and Ralph would gradually "get off the notion," as Aunt M. ſaid, eſpecially as Georgiana has haunted the houſe, and kept herſelf in the way with the ſame perſiſtency that Rachel ſhowed in her retreat, but has been, nevertheleſs, very charming, I muſt ſay.

But laſt night Ralph announced it all to his mother,

mother, and told her that Rachel was only waiting her confent, and then he went on to tell how the whole happinefs of his life depended upon it; and when Aunt M. fobbed out fomething about the fplendid profpects before him, he declared that he never fhould have had any profpects if it had not been for Rachel, and fhe was his guiding-ftar, and all that. So Aunt M. confented he fhould bring Rachel round that very evening; and now that 't is a foregone concluſion, I know 't will end in her thinking fhe planned it. . . .

Everything with a perfect rufh. It looks now as if they would be married this very autumn; and Ralph talks about going out to you, and carrying on his ftudies abroad. Whether in his prefent ecftafy he will find time to fend you a letter befpeaking your congratulations, I dare not promife, although he faid he was going to write you all about it.

. . 1833.

. . . 1833.

Dear Joe, — I hope you have my letter telling that the wedding-day is actually fixed, and that Rachel and Ralph will leave directly for Europe by a veſſel from Boſton, — the "Siren," I believe; a ſlow thing, but what will they mind?

We have at laſt your letter telling of your ſudden departure, ſo we conclude you have miſſed all ours, with the account of Ralph's famous ſucceſs in his very firſt term at the medical ſchool, and his plan of going abroad for ſtudy . . . the remarkable ſenſation over his aſtoniſhing article on certain Hebrew letters, and how he is to be ſent out to look up ſome philological matters, all expenſes paid, he to remain abroad two years! As of courſe he muſt be married firſt . . . and the wedding will take place at once. Forgive my telling it all over again, but there may be a chance of this

this letter's hitting you ſomewhere, if it goes by the "Pacific," which leaves New York a few days before the "Siren," and Ralph is eager to ſee you as ſoon as poſſible, to gain your advice about further travels. Poor Aunt M. is well-nigh daft; ſhe flutters about between delight and ſorrow . . . ſo proud of all Ralph's great ſucceſs . . . at the ſame time terrified. Whether ſhe is overwhelmed by this ſudden and unexpected realization of her wildeſt ambitions for Ralph, or whether ſome ſtrange morbid feeling is gaining poſſeſſion of her . . . Only ſhe grows more and more fond of Rachel, who keeps the ſweet, quiet tenor of her way through it all, — ſo calm, and yet ſo devoted to Aunt M., who of courſe will miſs Ralph terribly . . . ſeldom been abſent from her. Indeed, Rachel has urged Aunt M. to go with them, — which ſhows what a ſaint ſhe is; but Aunt M. will not. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . On

. . . On the eve of the great event . . . keep my letter open for the laft happy details . . . to be married in King's Chapel, — did I fay that before? — and go up to Groton for a few quiet days before the "Siren" leaves; and meanwhile I will hurry this letter off for the "Pacific," that it may be fure to reach you a little while before their arrival. I am fo glad that we have at laft your correct and — apparently? — permanent addrefs.

. . . . . .

The joyous crifis . . . fuch a lovely day for the wedding . . . to be at twelve o'clock — I am perfectly confident I have told you all this full half a dozen times — a reception here afterwards . . . Juft been down for a laft look at the rooms: parlor a bower of flowers fent in by the S——s from their Brookline greenhoufe. Aunt M. adjufting herfelf to her beft fatin, and I, in my new filk you fent, am fairly rigid with grandeur.

Sit

Sit down to begin a letter to you, mainly to tranquillize my nerves : will finifh and fend it off when it is all over and they are gone.

. . . . . .

"All over?" — 't is all over now. Merciful Father, but how? Oh, my darling brother, how can I write it! All the brightnefs turned to blacknefs in a minute — It is too terrible; our only hope now is in you . . . But I muft ftop and get control of myfelf; I cannot write coherently.

. . . . . .

Aunt M. and I went in the fame carriage with Ralph to King's Chapel, and I never faw him more lovely, faying fuch fweet things to his mother, — how his marriage would never change his relations to her, expreffing more than ever he has known how to expref before!

. . . and I wifh I might dwell forever upon this one, but laft, happy moment with Ralph, for

for how can I prepare you for the reft, or how can I defcribe it! . . . anybody would think . . . yet juft now when I left him to try to finifh this letter, he was talking fo calmly, making his plans with fo much care, that I almoft feel as if the horrors paffed muft be only a nightmare! . . .

We arrived at the church, where I left Ralph and Aunt M. in the veftibule, and walked up the aifle on the arm of an ufher, — juft a few friends there, happily for us, — and waited till they fhould come in. Ralph with his coufin Th—— ; Rachel with her father, but no bridefmaids, happily! Mr. G., who was to perform the ceremony, came forward, we were all ftanding near them, Rachel exquifitely lovely and pale, — when fuddenly I faw Ralph look up, as if dazed at the fcene before him ; then he faid in a low but clear voice to Mr. G., "I cannot go on. Do not go on!" Then to Rachel, "It cannot be!"

It

It is like writing out a terrible dream, or trying to. How can I tell of the tremor, the confuſion that followed? Nor do I know how we all came back here, ſome few friends with us, — Dr. L., the J.'s; but I heard Ralph ſay diſtinctly to Rachel, "It cannot be, Rachel! I have been married before!" . . . that Ralph ſtill ſtubbornly ſticks to his purpoſe of going abroad, and will not even ſee Rachel again. They have taken her back to Groton. He is ſtrangely quiet, but conſtantly repeats the ſame terrible words: "I cannot marry Rachel; I have been married before!" Aunt M. and I conſider this . . .; but how can he — where can he have been married before? He was away, to be ſure, without Aunt M. that ſpring in Cuba. But he came home as light-hearted, as boyiſh, and . . . He refuſes to explain, and becomes violent if queſtioned. Once he muttered ſomething to the effect that . . . and

"thought ſhe was dead." What *ſhe* he meant I . . .

But he refuſes to ſee Rachel, and her friends have taken her away . . . proſtrated with the ſhock . . . threatened with brain-fever. He ſtarts . . . Dr. L. goes with him. Aunt M. is overwhelmed . . . and believes this is the reſult of over-ſtudy, for which *ſhe* is reſponſible . . . the greateſt trial of her life . . . but has to bear up.

Strange to ſay, my mind conſtantly reverts to R.'s accident. What was the nature of the operation Spurzheim performed on R. . . . and in this connection I think too of Ludovic Radzinſki. What has become of him? He has never appeared again. Is he living, or dead?

PARIS, 2d Sept., 1833.

DEAR PATTY, — Yes, Ralph is here; turned up yeſterday all right. After all your hyſterics, expected to find him a fit ſubject for a ſtrait-jacket.

jacket. Nothing of the fort! Brain affected, — pooh! He's as calm as a clock, pulfe as fteady and ftrong as my own; for the reft, he eats like a coal-heaver, and fleeps like a log.

So much for your melodrama at King's Chapel. The truth is, you Boftoners live in fuch a cramped little rut that when anything the leaft unufual happens you go into frenzies. What do I think of it? Nothing at all. Found he could n't ftand his tirefome little fchool-marm, — Rachel do you call her? — and when it came to tying up for life, he broke loofe and gave her the flip; and I don't much blame him. Or perhaps he *had* been married before. Suppofe he had: where's the occafion for all the ecftatics?

Meàntime, tell Aunt M. to difmifs her frets. I 'll take him under my wing and make a man of him; begin by fhaking fome of the ftale faintlinefs out of him, and teaching him a little wholefome wickednefs.

That

That 's all the trouble ; he needs inoculating with the varioloid of fin and naughtinefs. Why, he wanted to go to church this morning, — think he called it " meeting ; " and I fufpect him of faying his prayers at night.

Oh, yes ! he 's a nice boy enough ; not bad-looking, but fhockingly raw, — no tone, no manner, no civilization. But deuce take him! where did he pick up his French ? He leaves me out of fight ; rattles it off like a magpie. His accent, of courfe, is vile, — founds as if it might have been picked up from a Dutch barber. Withal he has the medical bee in his bonnet. Make a doctor ? Not a doubt of him ; it is only by main ftrength I can keep him out of the hofpitals.

Yes, Dr. L. fent me an account of the operation. Nothing fo very wonderful, — things more ftrange every day at the clinics here. Of courfe your Yankee doctors were aftonifhed. Old " Spurz " was enough to amaze them. A

ftork

ſtork deſcending amongſt the tadpoles of the Frog-Pond would have proved a leſſer marvel than a German ſpecialiſt amongſt your Boſton quidnuncs.

Ah, Patty, dear, come over here, girl, and look back on your ſpeck of a peninſula, and get a comparative notion of what and where you are in the world.

"Coming home?" Not I! What ſhould I come home for, ſave to ſee you? I ſhould ſtifle, to begin with; and beſides, ſo far as I can make out, all my old ſet is broken up, — married, dead, or gone to the devil. No, no, no! You'd better come over here, — far and away.

But to come back to the boy, — tell Aunt M. to reſt her ſoul in peace. He ſhall do no work; I will keep him loafing. I am an experienced loafer myſelf; and 't is an art, I can aſſure her. It takes patience, courage, philoſophy, — nay, wit too, — to be a ſucceſsful loafer,

loafer, — one, that is, who shall not be a whiner, a valetudinarian, a gamester, or a sot.

And so, dear Sis, good-by to you.

JOE.

HANOVER, Oct. 9, 1833.

DEAR PATTY, — Yes, Hanover! You may well rub your eyes; I've been rubbing mine ever since I got here. None the less here I am, dragged away from home hundreds of miles, at the heels of this restless cub of a cousin. Why did we come? Because the young rascal would be studying and dissecting, instead of amusing himself. Talk of the delights of Paris! why, they were drugs in the market; the most *blasé* old *garçon* of fifty could n't have been more bored and indifferent. Nothing would do but Germany. So here we are: anything for peace. I 'm the man with the dog. I hold the leash, but the dog drags me where he lists. A pretty pace, too, we go at! I 'm not so slight as I was. I don't

don't want to ſhock you, Patty, dear, but my waiſt meaſures — hang fractions! let us ſay a round forty; and I ſometimes puff a bit going up-ſtairs, — all of which means that I like to go my own gait.

You 'd think this city was the young man's native heath. Egad, and he ſpeaks the jargon even better than he did French, gabbles it off in a way that chokes and confounds me. Places too, he knows them every one, — ſtreets, ſquares, buildings, markets; greets them with an air of recognition, each and all, as "loved ſpots that his infancy knew." . . . But latterly I 've had a little peace. He has found a companion, — a young Engliſhman, grandſon to a lord, and ſo, of courſe, eminently reſpectable. But the Britiſher has other equipments, ſuch as ſome ſenſe, a daſh of ſpirit, and a little knowledge of the world; and ſo I let R. looſe with him, while I, I take my eaſe in my inn, — what eaſe I may, with their

their vile Teuton cooking and their feather-beds to ſleep betwixt. . . .

. . . Buddington — that's the Engliſhman — improves on acquaintance. He and R. are getting as thick as thieves. R. calls him "Bud" already, and he counters with "Rafe." Bud has a fiendiſh vigor, — I dread his approach, except when tamed by fatigue. He drags R. about from dawn to dark, ſight-ſeeing. They go to the galleries, cathedrals, libraries, arſenals, and all that nonſenſe. I join them in the evening at the concert-garden or the theatre. It works well. The Engliſhman is a treaſure. I appreciate and eſteem him; he's worth at leaſt ſeveral times his weight in any known metal. . . .

What think you now is on the *tapis?* No leſs than a trip to India. I can fancy the big eyes you and Aunt M. will make at the announcement. Not for me, *grâce à Dieu!* I'm counted out.

'T is

'T is the Engliſhman again. "See India and die," is John Bull's motto, you know. Well, Ralph took the fever from him, and 't is a good thing. Now pray do not go into ſpaſms, you two fooliſh women! Nothing better could happen to Ralph, I ſay. In the firſt place, he is well, vigorous, and alert, and able to look out for himſelf. If he were not, he is to have the very beſt travelling companion that could be imagined. Bud is ſhrewd, ſelf-reliant, a good fellow, and quite devoted to Ralph. Moreover, he travels with a *valet*, and has letters of introduction to all the government officials. So "go along and godſpeed" to them, I ſay. . . .

. . . draws near; they will ſet out in a week. I go with them as far as Paris.

Tell Aunt M. 't is quite out of the queſtion for me to go. 'T would be the ſure death of me. I have loſt five and twenty pounds already ſince I left home. Nevertheleſs, comfort

fort her with the aſſurance that I ſhall ſee R. ſtocked with flannels, brandy, and all neceſſary grandmotherly cautions about the climate, againſt her firſt letter, which ſhe may direct to Calcutta *poſte reſtante*. R. will ſend the addreſs in due time.

Again I ſay, Diſmiſs all fears and anxieties, and believe me,

Your brother,

JOE.

PARIS.

DEAR PATTY, — The encloſed will ſpeak for itſelf. 'T is from Buddington. He is Britiſh to the heels, and would not yield to panic without cauſe. The King's Chapel buſineſs riſes before my eyes in a new light.

With regard to this affair, I can only ſay, Wait! Withhold judgment until you hear from me. I ſtart for India at once, — am hurrying on my packing at this very moment, and in a few hours ſhall be off.

Poor

Poor Aunt M.! Make light of it to her. I am confcience-ftricken that I ever let him out of my fight. Still — ftill — ftill, this may all prove a falfe alarm ; they are but boys after all, — there muft be fome explanation. Don't borrow needlefs trouble. Again I fay, Wait! You may depend on me to do everything that can be done. Here is Buddington's letter. Will write the moment I arrive.

Affectionately,

JOE.

DHACCA, BENGAL, Jan 4, 1834.

JOSEPH CLYDE, ESQ. : —

DEAR SIR, — Your prefence here at the earlieft poffible moment is required. A moft diftreffing thing has happened. I cannot ftop to give details, but write poft-hafte to catch the mail about to clofe. Everything connected with the affair is involved in myftery. I can only fay now that an appalling tragedy has

has been committed, and that your couſin is implicated. I am of courſe firmly convinced of his innocence, but muſt confeſs his own behavior is moſt extraordinary and inexplicable. I am ſhocked to add he is in cuſtody. Make haſte, dear ſir, and loſe not a moment in coming to his aid. Meantime, I need not aſſure you I will do everything in my power to ſuſtain and defend him. Believe me, with much reſpect,

Your obedient, humble ſervant,

ST. GEORGE BUDDINGTON.

CALAIS.

P. S. DEAR PATTY, — Have kept this open for a laſt word. Am already, as you ſee, *en route*. Have written ahead that all legal proceedings be ſuſpended until I arrive, that I ſhall be able fully to vindicate the boy. One thing you muſt do for me, — get an affidavit from Doctors J., W., and the reſt, of the exact

exact nature of the operation performed by Spurzheim upon R., as alſo another affidavit from one or more eye-witneſſes of the King's Chapel affair, and forward to me at Dhacca, without delay.

Yours affectionately,

JOE.

DHACCA, BENGAL, July 10, 1834.

DEAR PATTY, — Arrived here yeſterday. Loſe not a minute in aſſuring you of Ralph's health and innocence. Now, having ſaid ſo much, I muſt beg you to have patience. . . . A commiſſion has already been ſent to Boſton to take teſtimony. . . . I will not diſguiſe from you that this is an ugly buſineſs. God only knows what will be the iſſue of it . . . The ſtory is too long and complicated for me even to attempt to tell it here. Neither can I ſpare the time. Every minute now muſt be given to Ralph. The beſt I can do is to incloſe a fragment

fragment of Buddington's diary, which he has allowed me to copy, giving a brief account of all that is thus far known of the matter.

B. deserves our warmest thanks. He has acted like a man; not only that, but a steadfast, loyal friend, and that too in the face of the blackest array of circumstances . . . whatever may come.

Here is the diary: you will see from it what a task is before me to establish R.'s innocence. No time for another word. Will write again soon.

Affectionately,

JOE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INDIAN DIARY OF ST. GEORGE BUDDINGTON.

Dec. 5th. Set out with Wheaton from Calcutta for a trip through Northern India. Hired a large budgerow and two pulwars; shipped our saddle-horses, traps, and natives . . . Thick

. . . Thick fogs every morning, broiling heat at noonday . . . picturesque but horribly filthy villages on banks. . . . Passed Company's military school at Allipore . . . Government's salt-works . . . murdered body of a native on river-bank. . . . Entered Soondurbunds; . . . Mangoes, peepuls, palmettoes, cocoa-nuts, and date-trees line the banks . . . myriads of fire-flies. . . .

10th. Not a shot all day at anything . . . river full of porpoises . . . dandies gooning the budgerow waded up to their knees in black mud . . . air darkened by flocks of parrots.

15th. Lugâod at eight o'clock for hunt inland. Traversed a neighboring jheel: found multitudes of ibis, manichors, paddy-birds; not one within range. R. discovered foot-print of tiger, and gave the alarm. We beat a hasty retreat.

17th. . . . and passed mug-boats from Chittagong . . . river bounded by villainous marshes,

marfhes, harboring flocks of herons, bitterns, ducks, etc. R. killed a fine brace . . .

20th. Arrived at Dhacca: this city one of the largeft in India, on the Boorigunga, one hundred and fifty-five miles northeaft from Calcutta. Much to be feen. Difembarked for a ftay of feveral weeks. . . . Found very comfortable quarters near the Refidency in houfe of a ftaff-officer, kindly lent to us by owner, juft about fetting out on a furveying tour on the Upper Ganges.

21ft. Very comfortably fettled; our kid-mutgar feeds us on the fat of the land, from a capital market clofe by in the chowk. . . . Report ourfelves at Refidency; very kindly received.

22d. R. amazes me by talking Bengalee as glib as a native; affects to be as amazed as myfelf, fwears he never ftudied it; but I am getting ufed to his waggery.

23d. We are overrun with company; officers

ficers of the —th Royal Artillery, quartered here, dined with us to-day. R. delights everybody; they ſtare to ſee an American with ſuch accompliſhments. . . . Here is where the famous India muſlins are made. Went to ſee the pits dug in ground, where the natives ſtand while weaving . . .

24th. Viſited the elephant-ſheds: hundreds of the young animals brought here to be tamed and trained. A thought occurred to me: ſuggeſted to R. that we hire a couple, and go tiger-hunting in the jungle. He caught eagerly at the notion, and has given me no peace ſince in the matter.

25th. Bought five oranges, four for a pice . . . went to wait upon the nabob of Dhacca,—a mere boy, illiterate as a clown, they ſay, and well-nigh as poor . . . decided at laſt on our tiger-hunt. Went again to elephant-pens; there fell in with a trader from Lahore, a Seik elephant-dealer . . .

26th. The Seik came to our houfe to dicker about elephants for our hunt, — a tall, wiry, powerful figure, fierce eye, and infolent manner ; at his heels a fullen, dogged-looking retainer with the air of a Thug, — a precious pair ! R. rafhly pulled out a fat-looking purfe ; caught the Seik eying it greedily. Took R. to taſk afterwards for his imprudence ; he only laughed.

28th. . . . Hunt fixed at laſt for Thurſday week ; officers of the —th to join us. . . . The Seik with his Thug comes every day to chaffer ; by turns impudent and cringing ; extortionate in his demands. R., with Yankee thrift, declines to be fwindled.

30th. Savage row with the Seik. Came as uſual, his minion at his heels. R., tired of his infolence, bade him begone. The Seik became furious, and half drew a knife. I oſtentatiouſly picked up a piſtol from the table ; he faw it, and checked himfelf. . . .

R.,

R., in a towering rage, thruſt them forth ; a loud altercation followed in the ſtreet ; a crowd gathered from the neighboring chowk. I dragged R. in, and ſhut the door.

January 2d. Startling news of the murder of the Seik ; his body found horribly mangled . . . viſit from the Jemadar . . . Abſurd notion, R. ſuſpected of the crime on account of the quarrel the other day. The rumor ſpread like wild-fire amongſt the natives. Street thronged by excited Bengaleſe, beſieging our door and demanding vengeance ; detachment of the —th ſmuggled into the houſe for our protection ; meaſures taken by Government to prevent a riot ; the mob with difficulty diſperſed.

3d. R. behaves in a very ſtrange way ; ſhows neither ſurpriſe, horror, nor indignation at the charge ; is quiet, calm, and pre-occupied ; will ſay nothing, takes no intereſt in meaſures for his defenſe.

4th.

4th. Excitement unabated . . . A moſt ſhocking development; R. publicly confeſſes that he committed the murder; his friends and all the Engliſh here horrified; 't is impoſſible and abſurd; the ſhock muſt have affected his reaſon. Yet he ſeems quite collected. I argue and plead with him, beg for an explanation; he refuſes to go into the matter, but perſiſts in declaring himſelf guilty. Nothing can be done in the face of this avowal. Wrote at once to his couſin at Paris.

5th. . . . R. taken into cuſtody; led away to the Kutwalee for examination, — an immenſe crowd at his heels. Employed a noted Vakeel to defend him, and deſpatched a meſſenger for the moſt eminent Engliſh counſel to be had in Calcutta. Meantime, we ſit in the dark. R. will ſay nothing, and the only facts thus far aſcertained with regard to the tragedy are theſe: —

Thurſday,

Thurſday, P. M., after the quarrel at our houſe . . . and the Seik went home, talking to the rabble with great violence . . . Was next ſeen alive and well in the chowk, towards evening, bartering . . . Accompanied later to his bungalow by a well-known merchant of Dhacca, who parted with him on the threſhold as the Thug opened the door. Nothing more ſeen or known until he was found . . . and evidences of a fierce ſtruggle all about the room and the body.

DHACCA, . . . 1834.

DEAR PATTY, — This is to be but a hurried line for Aunt M.'s comfort; have been working night and day ſince I arrived. You underſtand that the trial was put off until I came, on the underſtanding that I could give evidence which would free the accuſed.

Notwithſtanding Ralph's confeſſion, his counſel

counfel have of courfe put in a technical plea of "not guilty," on which we fhall go to trial. The cafe againft him is purely inferential, and the evidence contemptible, were it not for his obftinately infifting that he committed the crime. I am waiting anxioufly now for the return of the commiffion from Boſton to meet that confeffion.

Meantime, there is one obvious courfe to be taken; to wit, the difcovery of the real murderer. This, confidering the Hindoo hatred of the Engliſh, and their natural zeal in fhielding each other, is an almoft hopelefs taſk. However, I have left no ſtone unturned, and have reaſon to believe that I am on the track of the right man.

Ralph, of courfe, is ſtill in cuſtody, but everything poſſible has been done for his comfort; he is in a moody, melancholy ſtate, as though he were a real culprit. I have had the moſt diſtinguiſhed experts here to viſit him, but

but they find nothing whatever the matter with his mind.

. . . . . .

Yours juſt come to hand, by the ſame mail with the commiſſion, etc.; never was ſo glad to ſee your handwriting. I am now ready for the trial, and confident of an acquittal; . . . and what you ſay of the Pole is very ſtrange. "Diſappeared directly after the operation," — humph! Why did he go? Where can he have gone? How do we know his name really was Radzinſki? How do we know Spurzheim knew anything about him ſave in a profeſſional way?

No time for more; muſt gird up my loins now for the trial. Courage, patience!

Yours,

JOE.

DHACCA.

DEAR PATTY, — Thank God, the boy is ſafe! The trial is over. I never . . . exciting

citing and exhauſting a ſcene. As I ſaid before, there was no evidence againſt Ralph worth conſidering . . . All went well till R. ſuddenly took it into his head to riſe in the priſoner's dock and offer himſelf as a witneſs. Deſpite all we could do, too, he inſiſted upon it, and thereupon took the ſtand and repeated his confeſſion in open court. The proſecution promptly moved for judgment upon the confeſſion ; but our counſel from Calcutta, a very aſtute man, inſiſted upon his right to examine the witneſs. He was very adroit ; he addreſſed R. kindly and ſympathetically, and led him on to deſcribe the details . . . all ſaw at once not only that, but times, places, and incidents were ſo wholly different from the known facts in the Seik's caſe. While this was going on I ſaw Buddington making towards me . . . and an Engliſh merchant whom he preſented. The Engli . . . whiſpered, "This is all about a famous murder

murder committed in Calcutta ten years ago." I notified our counfel directly . . . The Engliſhman was placed in the witneſs-box, and teſtified as to the former crime; the official records were brought, confirming the evidence . . . great ſenſation in court.

Following hard upon this came the affidavits from Boſton as to the operation on Ralph, and the ſcene at the King's Chapel; then I took the ſtand, and by his certificate of baptiſm and his diploma ſhowed that Ralph was a Latin School boy in roundabouts ten years ago. And ſo the thing was done. Nothing more curious in the whole proceeding than Ralph's own profound aſtoniſhment at the account of the operation. He ſtared at me with abſorbed intereſt, feeling unconſciouſly of the left ſide of his head and . . .

. . . . . .

Among the natives . . . the moſt intenſe intereſt manifeſted in the trial . . . court-room crowded

crowded . . . line the ftreet . . . with breathleſs intereſt . . . and will infallibly regard the reſult with diſtruſt and ſuſpicion. . . .

By advice of the officials, Ralph was quietly ſmuggled away as ſoon as it was known he was acquitted . . . He is now cloſely watched and guarded . . . The city in a turmoil over the news that he has eſcaped.

R. himſelf has not recovered from the deſcription of the Spurzheim operation; it was a ſtartling revelation to him. One reſult of his reflection has already appeared: this morning I ſaw in the mail a letter *directed to Rachel Cleverly.*

I need not deſcribe to you the delight of Buddington; he has ſhown the tendereſt ſympathy and conſideration all through . . . nor that we ſhall loſe no time in getting away from here.

You will be glad to hear that the real culprit

prit is found ; and who, do you think . . . no lefs a perfon than . . . nurfed his vengeance for years . . . entered his fervice with that diabolical intent . . . his bufinefs, murder and affaffination . . . and difdained even to rob his victim.

We leave here day after to-morrow. Buddington will go with us as far as Calcutta . . . and Ralph himfelf is frantic to get home . . . ; has been a different man fince he heard that fecret paffage in his hiftory . . . and broods over it conftantly.

Will try to write you a word from Calcutta ; till when good-by.

From your brother

JOE.

BOSTON, June 5, 1835.

DEAR JOE, — . . . and you can imagine our ftate of mind fince. Aunt M. was clean befide herfelf for the firft time in her life, and

I felt more like a ſpinning-top than a human being . . . Then he has grown and developed ſo; why did n't you tell us? Oh, Joe, what a fine, manly creature he is! What a large, generous way he has, and withal an air ſo potent!

You were right about . . . hardly been here an hour when he began to grow reſtleſs, and at laſt fairly tore himſelf from Aunt M.'s embraces to hurry around and ſee her . . . and it culminated when he brought her back with him to tea . . . evident at a glance that it was all "fixed up." Dear Rachel, ſo ſweet, ſo ready to forgive, ſo brave to dare the tragic chances ſuch companionſhip may bring! Dear Ralph, ſo penitent, ſo loyal, ſo devoted, — at his poſſible worſt "like ſweet bells jangled out of tune," and nothing more.

Such an evening as that, —ſuch excitement, ſuch tears, ſuch laughter, ſuch noiſe, ſuch incoherence,

coherence, fuch a delightful jumble of Bedlam and Paradife as I fhall never know again on earth! I went to bed hoarfe as a crow, with a lump as big as a potato in my throat, my head on fire, my feet like ice, with a vague impreffion that a calendar year had paffed fince funrife. . . .

Ralph has at laft had a talk with his mother. I knew it was coming; for days he has had intermittent fits of fathomlefs gloom. You need not be told the fubject of that talk. Dear, dear, dear me! Aunt M. came, with ftreaming eyes, to tell me of it and of the poor boy's hopelefs, abject mifery under the dark cloud which fhadows his life . . . and confulted perfonally all the doctors who were prefent. He is very curious, too, to learn more of Radzinfki, and has already fet on foot inquiries to difcover fomething of his hiftory or whereabouts, if ftill living.

. . . . . .

We

We have had all the town here to vifit. Ralph was always a favorite, and as ſoon as it got out that he had come home cured, all his old friends came flocking in.

. . . . . .

. . . nothing publicly known, of courſe, about the trial in India. The doctors ſigning the affidavit adviſe Aunt M. to keep ſilent, things get ſo exaggerated and diſtorted . . . do no good, and prejudice R. for years.

. . . . . .

A moſt ſingular and ingenious device diſcovered for Ralph's relief! He is enthuſiaſtic; we are all hopeful over it. 'T is ſo ſimple, and ſeems ſo reaſonable. And who do you think diſcovered it, invented, ſuggeſted, or thought it up? Why, Rachel; yes, really. Does n't it ſeem as if there were moral compenſations in life? I don't know what a moral compenſation is, but I mean, does n't it ſeem queer, weird, ſupernatural, — or whatever the propereſt

ereſt word is, — that *ſhe* ſhould have diſcovered it?

"What is it?" Why, I am coming to that this very minute: ſhe ſuggeſts that he ſhall keep always with him *a chronological index!*

There, now, you are none the wiſer! I knew you would n't be. I gloried in the thought; it is ſo delightful to be able to teach you one thing, after all your years and years of patronage and condeſcenſion. Well, then, a chronological index is a brief tabulated account or liſt of all the momentous events of one's life, with dates attached. Very good; now note the reſult. Armed with ſuch a *vade-mecum,* all Ralph has to do when any ſtrange or uncanny remembrance ſeizes him is to whip out his chronological index, and determine at a glance whether he is remembering as Ralph Wheaton the Yankee, or Ludovic Radzinſki the Pole, *and act accordingly.*

Think if he had but been provided with ſuch a

a ſafeguard on that day at King's Chapel, or through thoſe terrible ſcenes in India! We are all ecſtatic over the diſcovery; it ſeems once for all to ſettle the trouble. At any rate, it has already lifted the heavy load that lay on Aunt M.'s heart, and delivered Ralph forth from the dark and pitiable melancholy which was faſt ſettling upon him. And now nothing remains to interfere with . . .

This letter, as you ſee, has already been dragging its ſlow length along for ſeveral days, ſo I will now make an end of it. But I cannot ſtop without ſaying that Aunt M. will never, never forget your care and efforts in Ralph's behalf. I tell her — but no matter what I tell her; you are too conceited already. From your doting ſiſter

PATTY.

BOSTON, Sept. 12, 1835.

Now, Joe, you will never be ſo unreaſonable as to look for coherence, rhetoric, or intelligence

telligence in this letter. You will not want to hear much; the turmoil we are in would drive you to diftraction. I can only think of the witches' fong in "Macbeth" (or wherever elfe it was in Shakfpeare), "Mingle! mingle! mingle!" We do mingle; we do fcarcely anything elfe. We mingle conftantly, we mingle frantically; we not only mingle things, — everything about us, — but we mingle ourfelves. I am mingled fo hopeleffly with frills and tuckers, ravellings, patches, and fhreds, that my pure, fhining, unadulterated felf will never more be feen on earth.

. . . and you need not afk what 't is all about. Rachel's trouffeau is being made here. Poor girl! fhe had nowhere elfe . . . he wants it again at King's Chapel, that the memory of that former day may be . . . but Rachel will not hear of it; not even the effulgence of her prefent happinefs can make her forget that dreadful time; and fo 't is to be

here at home, and quiet as may be. Everything . . . and even the cake made in our own kitchen.

In the midſt of all the hurly-burly a little incident . . . which has comforted us all very much. Dr. L., who follows Ralph round like a *confidant* in an old French play, — when he is not following ſome one elſe, you know, — was wandering the other day through a ſide ſtreet with him, when they came upon that moſt unuſual thing in Boſton, a Jewiſh ſynagogue (you remember it), and puſhed in. A marriage ceremony was going on. Ralph looked bewildered, then ſtartled, Dr. L. ſays, juſt as he did that day at King's Chapel; then ſuddenly ſeized Dr. L.'s arm and dragged him out, muttering, "No, no; I never was there, that was his wedding!" For an hour afterwards he ruſhed Dr. L. up and down the Common in the wildeſt excitement. In the end he calmed down, more like his former

former ſelf than we have ſeen him ſince coming back; bringing Dr. L. home to tell Rachel another event in her chronology of Radzinſki. We thanked Dr. L. for helping R. to fight out this firſt battle with himſelf; but he ſaid, "Since I helped put Radzinſki's foreign tongues into his head, the leaſt I can do is to help wipe out the memory of his foreign wives."

. . . . . .

If you could live and breathe twenty-four hours in this Puritan atmoſphere, I could fain wiſh for you to pop in upon us now, — ſuch an ecſtatic houſehold . . . and I really believe Aunt M. is as fondly, fooliſhly happy as they themſelves.

. . . . . .

Your preſent has arrived; it is exquiſite; we are in fits of rapture over it. How did you ever think of ſending it, before you ever knew that . . . and your congratulations too, — it

— it is downright uncanny . . . I 'm fure I did n't even whifper a word about a wedding in my laft. I was fworn to fecrecy.

. . . . . .

It has come and gone, — how like a dream, like a meteor in the fky, like an anthem on the organ, like everything beautiful, joyous, and tranfitory . . . but I cannot defcribe it. I am limp with reaction ; my heart is crammed to burfting with unadulterated content ; my brain reels with fweet reminifcences ; a glory of funfhine, fongs of birds, perfume of flowers, fweet congratulations, foolifh tears ; and fuch was the end — I mean the beginning.

# Ye Other Workes

Of ye People who wrote

"AN UNCLOSETED SKELETON,"

And likewiſe what hath been ſayd of them by divers ſcribes, and by ye goodlye companye of ye Newſpaper Preſſe.

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## Agnes Surriage

*(By Edwin Laſſetter Bynner)*

is a work of ye ſpecies called romance, and treateth ſagaciouſly of ye long-paſt days of ye noble and much-lamented Royal Governors of ye Maſſachuſetts Bay Province, what time ye ſouldiers did march away to withſtand ye Ffrench array before Louiſburg, and ye many fair maids of Boſton town did ſpinne flax on ye Common. She whoſe name ye booke doth beare, and whoſe ſtrange and wonderful adventures it doth ſet forth, was a comely laſs of Marblehead, borne from her native rocks by a very gallant and debonair knight of England. Nor ſhall we indite further as to what befell theſe love-lorn people; for whoſo doth take unto himſelf the booke, theſe events to determine and aſcertain, ſhall have great content.

Now ſhall we alſo add hereunto theſe words of many wiſe gentlemen and learned ſcholars, that after generations may ſee with what eſteem ye gentles of ye nineteenth century looked upon "Agnes Surriage."

Ye Reverend *George Edward Ellis* ſaith: "Mr. Bynner, keeping cloſely to hiſtoric facts, weaves the characters and incidents into a very delightful and even inſtructive narrative, filled with all the atmoſphere, ſurroundings, and ſocial life of the time and place identified with his ſtory. . . . We have no equally adequate delineation of life and ſociety in the Boſton of that time. Old landmarks, ſtreets, and homes are identified; the faſhions and amuſements of the ſcene are recalled with hiſtoric perſonages. His ſtudy of quaint old Marblehead has qualified him to ſet down for us the moſt lively and pictureſque deſcription ever yet drawn of it; and by an effort of patience and ſkill moſt commendable, he has reproduced for us the linguiſtic provincialiſms of the fiſher town and people, with their wild, rough ways. Not even Dickens has wrought out a more lifelike and artiſtic interior deſcription, colloquy, and ſerio-comic rehearſal than Mr. Bynner gives us in an epiſode between the dry and pious widow at the North End of Boſton — at whoſe houſe Agnes, the ſchool-girl, boarded — and the canting elder who was 'courting' her."

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich* ſaith: "Altogether, we may congratulate the author on a well-earned ſucceſs, and the reader on the poſſeſſion of a new and unuſual pleaſure. Our literature is not ſo rich in hiſtorical fiction that we can afford to neglect ſo good a book as this."

*Julian Hawthorne* ſaith: "The conception of the character of Agnes is ſtrong and fine. It has a rich and mellow charm. The ſtory in its moral aſpect is as ſimple as it is ſtrong."

*Arlo Bates* ſaith: "The editor is pleaſed at the ſucceſs which that admirable hiſtorical novel, 'Agnes Surriage,' has achieved. The ſtory is one of the moſt faſcinating and romantic in all the colonial records, and it has been dealt with in a ſpirit keenly alive to all its poſſibilities."

*Nora Perry* ſaith: "From chapter to chapter I followed the ſtory with ever-increaſing intereſt, and ever-increaſing reſpect for the author's fine art of conſtruction. The ſtory is not only full of charm and reality, but it is beautifully put together."

Ye *Academy* (of London) ſaith: "The charm of the tale lies in its pathetic central conception, in the brightneſs and grace of the general handling, and in the ſingularly faithful and realizable handling of the ſocial atmoſphere of the old colonial days."

Ye New-York *Tribune* ſaith: "Mr. Bynner has found an admirable ſubject for romance in the colonial hiſtory of Maſſachuſetts, and he has treated it with diſtinguiſhed ſkill."

Ye Boſton *Daily Advertiſer* ſaith: "It muſt be reckoned among the very beſt ſtories of the ſeaſon, without queſtion; and furthermore, let us haſten to add that on the ſmall ſhelf which holds all the American hiſtorical novels worthy of the name, room muſt ſtraightway be made for 'Agnes Surriage.'"

They of London avow, in their *Literary World:* "Mr. Bynner is no ordinary writer, and the old-world tale of 'Agnes Surriage,' founded on fact, is a ſtrange bit of hiſtorical romance, than which fiction could produce no ſtranger. The primitive, uncouth fiſher community in the little bay of Marblehead, on the rocky ſhores of Maſſachuſetts, is ſplendidly deſcribed. . . . There is great excellence of writing throughout this romance of bygone days."

Alſo *Ye Critic,* which is y-printed at ye famous Iſlande of Manhattan, feareth not to ſay: "On the baſis of an old colonial ſtory, E. L. Bynner has, in 'Agnes Surriage,' conſtructed a moſt intereſting hiſtorical novel. He is a thorough maſter of the art of ſtory-telling, holding the reins of the tale firmly in his hands, and moving ſteadily and ſtrongly onward in the development of the plot. This is what moſt ſtrikes a reader, — this power of never writing a dull or an irrelevant page. But the book has better characteriſtics than this. The characters, true to the middle of the eighteenth century, are yet remarkably alive, and have no kinſhip with the puppets who throng the pages of ſo many hiſtorical novels. And Agnes and Frankland and Commiſſary Price are characters well worth drawing. Mr. Bynner can finely ſhow us the workings of hearts and minds through actions and words and looks, but he never analyzes: he leaves that to his readers. The atmoſphere of the ſtory has no Puritaniſm in it, but its influence is all on the ſide of a broad catholic morality and purity of life and conduct. 'Agnes Surriage' is worthy of a more than ephemeral ſucceſs."

*Kate Sanborn* calleth it "the beſt novel that has come out of Boſton this generation."

Ye criticke of ye *Poſt* doth hold: "Paſſion and pathos and the ſimple but ſtrongly marked affections of primitive people are interwoven in effective contraſt. The material which hiſtory ſupplied the author was rich in romantic and dramatic opportunity. Mr. Bynner has enriched it in every phaſe with a wealth of hiſtorical color and incident. The reader turns with Frankland, in his ride, to overlook Maſſachuſetts Bay from the bluff at Marblehead, and as naturally ſhares the wonderment of Agnes Surriage in gazing about the walls of Horace Walpole's villa at Twickenham, with its ſuggeſtions of its earlier occupant."

Ye literary arbiter of ye *Nation* addeth: "There is a charm about Mr. Bynner's hiſtorical romance of colonial times which engages the reader's ſympathies at the outſet. . . . His book is good, and poſſeſſes, in a rare degree, that quality of atmoſphere of the period which is ſo difficult of attainment, in addition to an agreeable ſtyle, which is ſuitably ſtately, but never heavy."

And another wight ſaith: "The blue waters of Maſſachuſetts Bay ſparkle through its pages, and the ſtorm-winds are heard whiſtling acroſs Marblehead Harbor in the quaint old days of the Bay Colony. Bynner has in this romance begun a work for our lovely ſea-coaſt ſuch as Sir Walter Scott did for the iſlands and glens of Scotland, covering them with the rich and enduring glamour of poetic aſſociations."

# Penelope's Suitors.

*(By Edwin Laſſetter Bynner.)*

Few writers of the day have ſo well caught the old-time ſavor, which is much enhanced by the archaic printing, the long ſ's, catch-words, and ſo on. Altogether, the volume, though of veſt-pocket ſize, is a thoroughly charming bit of book-making. — *New-York Commercial Advertiſer.*

A dainty, old-faſhioned little volume, — a moſt delightful ſtory of Boſton in Colonial days. — *Chicago Tribune.*

The whole affair is a delicate *jeu d'eſprit*, and will delight gentlewomen as well as the man of taſte. — *The Beacon.*

# Damen's Ghoſt

is ye title of another booke of ye Bynner's devizing, in which ye marvellous manner of ye great Charles Dickens is brought to mind, howbeit ye original ſpirit of ye author ſeeketh no ſervile imitation.

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# The Peterkin Papers.

(*By Lucretia P. Hale.*)

Square quarto. Copiouſly illuſtrated.

The very name of this collection of abſurdly laughable ſketches will raiſe a ſmile on the face of the moſt lugubrious reader. Miſs Hale's humor is irreſiſtible. Her accounts of the doings and experiences of the Peterkins remind one of the ſtories of the inhabitant of ancient Gotham who tried to drown eels, and to catch birds by ſurrounding their neſts. — *Boſton Tranſcript.*

You declare the book is too ſilly for anything; you vow that you will not laugh at what is ſo abſurd; yet you ſtick to the book and ſhake your ſides, and hope dear Miſs Hale will live forever. In ſhort, it is a capital conceit. very cleverly wrought out, and full of entertainment for young people. — *New-York Expreſs.*

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